

THE WEATHER.
For Boston and vicinity: Fair and somewhat warmer to-day and Sunday; light southerly winds.
High water: 2:10 a.m.; 2:30 p.m.

HEARST'S
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SATURDAY

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SATURDAY

PRICE ONE CENT.

U. OF P. TACKLES HARVARD

25,000 SEE THE GREAT GAME



THESE ARE THE "RAY! RAY! RAY! PENN-SYL-VA-NI-A!" BOYS.

Group of Pennsylvania students, who came over from Philadelphia 300 strong to witness the game this afternoon. Photographed by a BOSTON AMERICAN camera in front of the South Station as the Philadelphians left their train to-day.

BRITISH HALT CZAR'S SQUADRON

"War Averted by Detention of Baltic Fleet at Spanish Port."

ROJESTVENSKY RIDICULED

LONDON, Oct. 29.—How nearly England and Russia came to war over the North Sea incident, now referred to The Hague, is shown by a remarkable statement made by one of the officers of Admiral Rojestsvensky's fleet, in an interview in Vigo, Spain, to-day.

"Before the news of the settlement reached us yesterday, we had prepared ourselves to issue forth to a glorious death," this officer declared.

Continued on 2nd Page, 1st Column.

HARRY MESSER'S BODY FOUND OFF T WHARF

WELL-KNOWN RAILROAD MAN HAD DISAPPEARED OCT. 10—RELATIVES NOTIFIED.

The body of Harry W. Messer, former traveling freight agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, who had been missing since October 10, was found floating in the water off the south side of T wharf early to-day by the crew of the police tug Walchman.

Martin Connelly, an employee of the Union Ice Company, discovered the body floating about ten feet from the wharf. He will claim the \$200 reward offered by Messer's father for finding his son.

The body was taken to the undertaking rooms of Fred Briggs, in Howard street, and Mr. Briggs, who knew Messer well, identified it.

Continued on 2nd Page, 1st Column.

WOMAN BURNED \$10,000 LOST IN WEST END FIRE

Variety Store Blaze Creates Panic in a Dense Neighborhood.

A densely populated neighborhood at the corner of Wall and Cotton streets, West End, was panic-stricken, \$10,000 worth of damage was done and Mrs. Edmund Leavitt was severely but not fatally burned by a fire which broke out in the variety store at 12 Wall and No. 13 Cotton streets. Today being the Boston Sabbath the store was closed.

The fire spread over the store in a flash. The children ran up the stairs, the parents ran down to rescue them. Mrs. Leavitt picked up one of the children, the child was unhurt, however, though the mother was burned about the face and hands. The father took the child out of the store.

Continued on 2nd Page, 2nd Column.

Cheering Thousands Crowd Stadium in Cambridge to Witness Football Warriors in Great Battle—Harvard Easily the Favorite—Pennsylvania Sends Army of Rooters.

Special to the Boston American.

STADIUM, CAMBRIDGE, OCT. 29.—THE GATES TO THE STADIUM, THROUGH WHICH MANAGER ERNST ESTIMATED THAT MORE THAN 25,000 FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS WOULD PASS, WERE OPENED PROMPTLY AT NOON TO-DAY. EVEN THEN THERE WAS A GREAT THROG WAITING, AND THESE EARLY COMERS WENT THROUGH THE GATES WITH A RUSH AND HURRIED TO REACH POINTS OF VANTAGE FROM WHICH TO WITNESS THE GAME BETWEEN HARVARD AND PENNSYLVANIA, SCHEDULED FOR 2 O'CLOCK.

It was an enthusiastic crowd, the majority being Harvard rooters and the crimson predominating. There were not a few, however, who came from Philadelphia to cheer the Quaker team to victory or condole with them in defeat.

HOW THEY LINED UP TO-DAY.

HARVARD.	PENNSYLVANIA.
BRILEY left end.	DRAKE left tackle.
BRILEY left tackle.	BUTKIEWICZ left guard.
PARKER left guard.	PIEKARSKI center.
PARKINSON center.	TORREY right guard.
SQUIRES right guard.	KASE right tackle.
OVESON right tackle.	LAMSON right end.
LEARY right end.	SINKLER quarterback.
KERNAN quarterback.	STEVENSON left halfback.
SPERRY left halfback.	REYNOLDS right halfback.
HURLEY right halfback.	GREENE fullback.
MILLS fullback.	SMITH punter.

Umpire—Whiting, Cornell, Referee—Edwards, Princeton.

Harvard was a pronounced favorite in the betting. Odds of 5 to 2 on the game were given by Crimmon backers, and something better than even money was offered against Pennsylvania scoring. The friends of the Quakers were on hand with money to buy their opinions, however, and the aggregate of bets was a considerable sum.

Continued on 2nd Page, 1st Column.

DON'T FAIL TO GET TO-MORROW'S GREAT BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN. 5 CENTS EVERYWHERE

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, OCTOBER 29, 1904.

A True History of
Ireland at Last

A Woman with Great Capacity and
Brilliantly Writing It

The Macmillans will publish it. All Americans of Irish birth or of Irish descent are interested in the fact that Mrs. J. R. Green is at present visiting the United States, besides being important to those who, like herself, are Irish in race and in sympathies. Mrs. Green's visit must interest every person able to appreciate a good book.

America's leading citizens of Irish blood have welcomed Mrs. Green. They rejoice in the errand which brings her here—the establishment of a fund for translating old Gaelic MSS.—and in the work now occupying her life, the writing of an adequate history of Ireland and the Irish people.

A great majority of the English speaking world is acquainted with the "Short History of England," written by the late John Richard Green. The editor of this newspaper having had, eighteen months ago, the great privilege of reading in manuscript parts of Mrs. Green's history of Ireland can testify to the fact that she is doing for the Irish people, their struggles, achievements and glories as great a service as her husband did for the English people in his "Short History."

We understand that in perusing Mrs. Green to prepare her history of Ireland, the Macmillans had in view the production of a book that should be used in the public schools. Having read chapters of the book, we sincerely hope that the finished work may be put in the hands of every school child in the United States, and—if that were possible—in the hands of every child in Great Britain.

It is time that history and public education should do justice to the story of the Irish race. No nation has suffered such persecution as the Irish nation has suffered. And no nation has resisted oppression as the Irish have resisted the oppression of England. In all the history of the world there is no series of crimes against patriotism comparable to the crimes against the independent, unconquerable spirit of the Irish.

Nine centuries ago Diarmuid MacMurrough—or, as his name would read in modern times, Jeremiah Murphy—King of Leinster, carried off the wife of the chief of Breifne (Cavan and Leitrim). This MacMurrough, very unlike some patriotic Murphys of the present day, fled to the English King and returned to fight his Irish neighbors, bringing with him, as his allies, the FitzHenrys, FitzGeralds and FitzStephens, sons of Meix, mistress of Henry I. of England, by her various husbands.

Ever since those old days, and long before those days, Ireland has fought the English, fighting great odds always and never giving up to this very hour. Cromwell murdered her priests, butchered her officers, stood the Irish fighting men up in line, shot every tenth man dead, and sent the others to the galleys. But that did not make the Irish selfish.

Horrible famines, born of English taxation, English selfishness and absentee landlordism, have swept over the wonderful island time and time again.

The fathers and mothers saw their children die of hunger, or died of hunger themselves trying to keep the children alive.

But famine, with the fever and the plague that followed, did not conquer the Irish spirit.

The Romans that walked through England as easily as a Cook's tourist walks through the St. Louis Exposition, did not add the conquest of Ireland to their glory.

The Danes, that repeatedly swept down upon the English as upon a defenceless chicken coop, found no Roman roads to facilitate their march, and no conquerable country when they made their rare and fruitless landings upon the coast of Ireland.

As the centuries have rolled slowly by Ireland has suffered and rebelled, and she suffers and rebels to-day. Other countries have had their day of struggle and have forgotten the national spirit that made them the conqueror. The fighting nations of the world have been dividing up the earth's surface. India, with its hundreds of millions has become English. Canada, Australia, lands from the north to the south pole and all around the equator have bowed to British rule. And in a few years have forgotten that they were ever independent. But Ireland, after more than a thousand years of English oppression, IS STILL IRELAND, and Ireland always will be Ireland.

Today the English, with their land bill, the distribution of Irish land among the Irish farmers (a distribution made, by the way, at the expense of the over-taxed Irish), are trying to do with pretended kindness that which they failed to do with Cromwell's murder, with packed juries, with corrupt judges, with brutal police, and the most complicated system of persistent tyranny that ever cursed a noble people. England hopes now that she may do, by appealing to the Irishman's self interest, that which she has vainly tried to do during the past thousand years by appealing to his fears. But England will find that what she couldn't do with bullets, swords and the gallows she will not be able to do with pounds, shillings and pence. IF YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN A MAN, YOU CAN'T BUY HIM, and vice versa.

A well meaning, blundering idiot, sent by the English to rule in Dublin Castle (it was Balfour's nunny hammer brother, if we are not mistaken), thought that he would be Britishly tactful and create Irish love of England all in a Summer's afternoon. Instead of having the Irish and the English troops drill separately, he had them all drill together, in the shadow of the hated castle, and his great stroke of genius came when he ordered them all to sing the national anthem, "God Save the Queen," in perfect, harmonious accord.

It was soon noticed that there was something wrong about the singing. The English were singing "God Save the Queen," very nicely; the Irish, with good strong lungs, were singing very loud. "God Save the Queen" was heard everywhere, but the Irish were singing it in a way that was not heard when the English were singing it.

"That's the way the Irish have been singing it for centuries, and they will sing that way good many centuries from now, or until they get what they want."

It is a splendid, most useful task undertaken by Mrs. Green, the brilliant scholar and sincere patriot. Her profound studies of Ireland, her thorough understanding of the sentiments that have been the basis of her native land, must give the greatest possible value to the work that claims all of her devotion.

It is a glorious story that she has told, a beautiful story of a wonderful people, that have resisted all oppression, and while keeping themselves alive at home, have furnished soldiers of liberty, creators, saviors, to the rest of the world. Mrs. Green has been involved with the bones that her talent and her task demand, by representative Americans—by presidents of colleges of Harvard, Columbia and others, by bishops and archbishops representing the Irish people in this country, by our own wise men and public men. It is to be hoped that those who without doubt, have the tradition into our public schools of the history of Ireland, will give to the children of this country a true idea of the men that gave us so many men whose names are associated, imperially with the American nation.

OUR OWN BALTIC FLEET IS BUSY

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Just a Little Target Practice, That's All

WILL JAPAN MAKE THE GOAL?



PUZZLED

ONLY A HIRING

AN AWFUL THREAT



NOW WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?



A LETTER FROM
UNCLE TOM.

BY JAMES MONTAGUE

IT TELLS WHY THE BOOKKEEPER IS WASTING
HIGH FINANCIAL TALENTS ON A \$15 JOB

MY DEAR GERALD—I gather from the tone of your letter that there is no room in this old, hard world for the commercial talent; that only bull will find a man where he can show what he can do and that you can see nothing ahead but sorrow and unappreciated effort.

There are a good many bookkeepers in your fix. They are still getting down to work about ten minutes late and making up for it by quitting ten minutes early. They are still sitting around the office discussing the shortcomings of the manager when they ought to be pursuing the 17 cents that keeps the trial balance from totalling the way it's expected to.

If you don't believe it, ask them. I haven't seen you, Gerald, since you were a boy. At that interesting stage of your career I remember I awarded you a contract to split up a couple of cords of wood. When the time limit expired you were sitting on the back fence with that faint, uncertain, and self-edged excuse I ever saw outside of a police court, but the wood was still outside the shed.

And I remember when I observed that if you kept up that line of excuse you would never be an employer, you burst into tears and said that you understood you, and that it was no use trying to invent a lot more excuses for such an unfeeling relative anyway.

Of course, I don't have anything about the way you fill your present position out from what I heard of it. I'll offer you only one question that you are far more familiar with the records of Alexander and Hermon of Ireland than you are with the market price of the restricted community hamper by your employer, and that you burn a lot more intricate oil over your books than over your ledger.

You never mind the chance to tell the boss about your system of making time (since the money that he's making over; you are never given an opportunity to introduce your labor-saving methods of bookkeeping. When you broach these subjects to your boss, you are asked you some annoying question about a ledger account that you don't even get repatriation, and when you look closely at them they advise you vigorously to go out and find the main office and call a little information.

Of course, just as you say in your letter, those men all have snags. It is easy enough to sit in a private office and give orders to other men to do all work, but when it comes to doing the work that is quite another thing.

Notice, however, you look

The Higher Education

By J. Frank Davis

THE front is on the dry grass, the Astorian leaves are yellow. The air is crisp and bracing, while the sky is blue and mellow; And in the open field before a cool, efficient crowd. The college fellows gaily cry what they have learned—aloud. You'd hardly think so many folk would finish with a thrill, As back when from the field they here the mathematics drill:

"Twenty-three, eighty-one, ten, forty-seven!"
Six, forty, thirty, two hundred, eleven!"
But it isn't a problem in solid geometry,
Holding, cubing, and multiplying;
They are thinking of snags as they look to the cell,
But the skill of the centre who snags back the ball.

'Tis like the spelling tests of old, when scholars took position
In lines like these, each parallel, to prove their tradition.
But these are easier, older, wiser, and each scores with a cheer,
As by his act he demonstrates the higher education;
And hundreds sitting round about give evidence of glowing
From studies in the ancient languages such ecstatic meaning:

"Highly-deck! Cooak! Coack!"
"Highly-deck! Cooak! Coack!"
But it isn't a concert drill in Greek,
Nor fragments of Sanskrit the student speaks.
They are cheering in Japan the muscle flex,
Off the armored bracers that back the line.

The greatest thinkers in the land are gathered on the benches,
To cheer the boys who demonstrate the labors of their teachers;
And flower and the other claps that stave for recognition
Were never pruned like these who win the college competition;
For in a language passing strange they hail the oppression
That earns its college laurels in the higher education:

"Whooop de rah! Ommeah lah!"
"Hippity-hoppity! Baw! Baw! Baw!"
They wildly scream as the riddle claps,
And the injured fall, and the farbles snarl.
'Tis the song of the college that maddly bleeds
With the roar as the ball goes around the odds.

A LETTER TO THE BOSTON AMERICAN
BOSTON AMERICAN, Newbury
When I bought your picture your master
and not change a bill, so I send you the
if you're it. I think he said it was a nickel.
It this is not right, I will send you
ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

SEED OF SELF-SACRIFICE IN MAR-
RIED LIFE.
Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:
Eleanor Anne tells us, after a day in the
divorce court, that she is on the fence, and
knows not which way to jump. I should
advise her to jump to the self-sacrifice side.
The man who wants to be free from a wife
for a life of further planning and love con-
fiding does not belong to civilization. To in-
dicate that they must necessarily become a
tribe of nomadic barbarians, otherwise they
are criminals and are bound to the bonds
of society, just as much as the man who
perpetrates his wife and children and
perverts the relation of things. "Treat
the child as you would the adult, and
we are allowed to partake of its bene-
fits and luxuries if you will—provided
we are self-sacrificing in taking up our
share of the burden."

The Catholic church is the best friend to
civilization, and has always been, from
its members, as much as the mar-
riage vows are inviolable, and after being
married, they are unchangeable, and
one to the other. BERNARD.
Maynard, Mass.